

EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CONCEALING STRENGTH

In many deals the question of whether or not to reach a slam is acutely complicated by the more important issue—will the opponents permit you to play the slam? Let's look at a deal in which this is the vital point.

East dealer. — 11-17 A
North-South vulnerable

♠ 8 2 3
♥ 7 4 3
♦ K 10 9 5
♣ J 8 4 2

♠ A Q 8 8
♥ 5 4 3
♦ Q 4 3
♣ A K 7 6

♠ A K J 8 5 4
♥ A J 7 6 3 2
♦ 10

Q 10 7 3
K J 10 6
2
A Q 9 5

N
W
E
S

When this deal occurred, South was an expert, playing with a fair-to-medium partner against opponents of the same description. The bidding proceeded:

11-17 B			
East	South	West	North
1♥	1♠ (1)	3♥	Pass
4♠	4♠ (2)	4♥	5♠
5♥	6♠	Pass	Pass
Dbl.	Pass	Pass	Pass

Needless to say, South had no trouble making six diamonds doubled, for a very satisfying score! It was all the more satisfying because the opponents could have gone down just one trick, not vulnerable, at six hearts, thereby robbing South of his opportunity!

It is fruitless to inquire too deeply into whether or not East-West should have sacrificed against six diamonds; the pertinent facts are that they did not do so, and that it was South's deliberate underbidding which probably accounted for his outstanding success.

Most players in South's position, blessed with such a strong two-suit, would spool their own chances by revealing their strength immediately. Their method of doing this would be to cue-bid hearts, or at the very least, to bid two spades. With South cue-bidding, West would probably take alarm and leap straight to four hearts, which

Ask for
CLOVER LEAF
Salmon

CLOVER LEAF
FINEST QUALITY
SALMON

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Striped Chipmunk Says Good-by. Each has his own peculiar ways. To fit him for the part he plays. —Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit had thought he knew all about Striped Chipmunk and his ways. Folks very often think they know all about their neighbors only to find that they know very little about them. It was so with Peter Rabbit. He had known the pert little Squirrel in the striped coat ever since he had first visited the old stone wall when both were young, and from the first they had been the best of friends. Now Peter was finding out that even the best of friends may not really know each other.

Striped Chipmunk had told Peter that Mr. and Mrs. Blacksnake had no children this year but didn't know it because, being the poorest of parents, they hadn't bothered to keep East temporarily quiet. But then, even if West was smart enough to pass over South's next bid, which could scarcely be anything but four spades East would obviously compete with five clubs or five hearts, and thus would soon be faced by the problem of what to do against six diamonds. With the bidding going this way, East would be very foolish not to sacrifice in hearts!

to keep watch over the eggs Mrs. Blacksnake thought she had hidden where no one would find them. So she didn't know that Striped Chipmunk had found them and eaten them. So there had been no baby Snakes to hatch from them. If they had hatched she wouldn't have known what became of them. She is that kind of a mother.

"Did you eat all of them?" Peter asked.

"Every last one," declared Striped Chipmunk.

"I didn't know you ate eggs," said Peter. "I thought you ate just nuts and seeds and berries, that kind of food. Do you eat the eggs of birds?"

"Whenever I am lucky enough to get any. Eggs of all kinds are good eating, the very best of eating." Striped Chipmunk licked his lips. "I always keep my eyes open for them in the spring and early summer. I don't get many, so perhaps that is why they always taste so good."

"When they can find them Jimmy Skunk and Bobby Coon eat the eggs of Mrs. Snapper, the big Turtle, who lives in the Smiling Pool. Have you ever eaten her eggs?" Peter wanted to know.

Striped Chipmunk shook his head. "She doesn't lay her eggs around here, so I have never had a chance. I hear that Turtle mothers are no better mothers than Snake mothers. They don't even know if they have any babies. They don't know what becomes of them and don't care. They seem to think that when they have hidden their eggs that is all that can be expected of them," said he.

"I've heard the same thing. They say baby Turtles and baby Snakes have no one at all to look out for them. I suppose a lot of them are caught and eaten," said Peter.

"I don't know about baby Turtles but baby Snakes are very good eating," said Striped Chipmunk.

Peter looked startled. "How do you know?" he cried. "Don't tell me you have eaten any!"

"I certainly have. I never miss a chance of catching one that is small enough," retorted Striped Chipmunk. Then he added, "You ought to thank me for doing it." Peter's eyes opened very wide as he stared up at his small friend on the old stone wall. "Why should I thank you?" he asked.

"Because each time I get one there is one less to grow up. You know what Mr. Blacksnake or Mrs. Blacksnake would do to your babies if they were found when still in the nest. They would do to the babies just what I did to their eggs," explained Striped Chipmunk.

"I hadn't thought of that!" cried Peter.

"There could be too many Snakes," said Striped Chipmunk.

"So there could," agreed Peter. "Then there wouldn't be too many Rabbits," added Striped Chipmunk mischievously.

He scampered away on top of the old wall to an opening between the stones. There he sat up and took a long look all around. "Goodby, Peter. See you in the spring!" he cried and was gone.

Peter suddenly felt lonesome. "And I thought I knew all about Striped Chipmunk. I wonder if anybody knows all about anybody," thought he.

King of The Royal Mounted

by Zane Grey

SO THAT'S KING! THIS IS A TRAP!
NO-NO! DON'T SHOOT!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, DARCY!
OH!
EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG! WHY DID I EVER ASK TO ROB OLD FLINT?—NOW I'VE KILLED A MOUNTIE!

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

WHY NOW?
I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU HAVE BEEN BOXIN' WITH ME. YA KNOW HOW T' SOCK, WELL, THAT'S T' TEACH YA HOW T' DEFEND YERSELF.
NOW TH' LITTLE GUY YOU ASKED T' BOX MIGHT GIT HURT, YA NEVER PICK A FIGHT, YA GOTTA BE FRIENDS WITH PEOPLE, LIKE ME...
OH, WIKKE NOVVOY, DONNIE WANNNA BE WIKKE NOVVOY.
YA KNOW SOMETHIN', I'M NUTS...UH, I MEAN I'M SURE CRAZY ABOUTCHA, OLE DONNIE, I WAS SO LONESOME... YA DON'T KNOW WHATCHA DONE FER ME.
PALS? OLE DONNIE OLE NOVVOY, YA BETCHA?

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Burton

NOW WHO CAN THAT BE AT THE DOOR IN THIS POURING RAIN?
OH IT'S YOU—THE MAILMAN!
YES, MRS. DRIPPLE—DO YOU HAVE ANY CLOTHESPINS IN THE HOUSE?
R-RING—

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin

HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU SUPPORT? MERCY! DOES BEN SPEARS THINK CAP IS GOIN TO SUPPORT US??
...HAVE YOU A COLLEGE EDUCATION? MY LAND! THEY'RE NOT OUT OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL...
WHY ALL THEY WANT IS TO RUN ERRANDS IN TH' GROC'RY—!
WHAT? TWO MORE PAGES! HOW CAN EVEN MR. CHIRPLEBERRY THINK OF SO MANY THINGS TO ASK??

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McMan

WELL—I HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE THING TO WORRY ABOUT TODAY! WHAT A RELIEF!
DADDY—DID YOU KNOW? MOTHER HAS TAKEN IN THE CAR AND IS GOING TO DRIVE DOWNTOWN!
WHAT?
HELLO—DINNY? MAGGIE'S DRIVIN' DOWNTOWN—SHE MAY DRIVE NEAR YOUR PLACE!
THANKS—JESSE—I'LL KEEP ALL THE KIDS IN THE HOUSE AND SHE MAY DRIVE NEAR THE NEIGHBORS' IS YOUR CAR FULLY INSURED?

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Westcott

BUSINESS IS OUR WOMEN ARE ENORMOUS RIVALS COMING FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY SPOOK TO DESIGN SUNK IN BUSINESS A MAN
SO HE HAS ORIGINAL IDEAS! WOMEN HAVEN'T
OH, NO?
IF THAT ISN'T AN ORIGINAL AD, I NEVER SAW ONE

PENNY

By Harry Hoestgen

WHAT IS ON EARTH, OH THAT, AUNT ELLEN?
WELL, A GIRL CAN ONLY HAVE ONE PHOTO ON BACK OF HER COMPACT AND I COULDN'T MAKE UP MY MIND...
I ADORE ELWOOD FOR HIS BRILLIANT MIND AND I SIMPLY WORSHIP DODDIE FOR HIS ATHLETIC PHYSIQUE...
SO I COMPROMISED!

NEW VITAMINS?
A and D

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Run-down? If you're not getting enough Natural Vitamins A and D, then you should let pleasant tasting Scott's Emulsion help maintain your resistance. Taken regularly every day when needed, Scott's Emulsion is highly recommended for its efficiency. Try it and see. Buy Scott's at your drug store to-day.

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NOT JUST A TONIC.
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THE ANNUAL MEETING
OF
CHARLOTTETOWN GARRISON OFFICERS
BADMINTON CLUB
will be held at
THE ARMOURIES
FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18th
AT 8 O'CLOCK

CLINIC SCHEDULE

Chest clinics will be held throughout the Province during the month of November as follows:—

MONTAGUE—
MONDAY, Nov. 21 1:30- 4:30 p.m.

CHARLOTTETOWN—
EVERY THURSDAY 10:00-12:00 a.m.
1:30- 4:00 p.m.

EVERY FRIDAY 1:30- 4:00 p.m.

If you wish to attend a chest clinic for the first time, kindly consult your family doctor or the Public Health Nurse in your district.

Tuberculosis Division,
Medical Director of Clinics,
Dept. of Health and Welfare.

Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

NOV. 1st to NOV. 30th

Leave Wood Islands—			
Prince Nova	8 a.m.	1 p.m.	
Charles A. Dunning	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	
Leave Caribou—			
Charles A. Dunning	8 a.m.	1 p.m.	
Prince Nova	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
L. S. STEVENSON
BRANCH MANAGER
140 RICHMOND ST.
A MUTUAL COMPANY

WHEN MY BACK BEGINS TO ACHE

I USE Dodd's Kidney Pills

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

BECAUSE I KNOW I CAN DEPEND ON DODD'S!

LIL' ABNER

FO'YARS, AH HAS FIT FAIR, AN AH IS GOIN' STILL A OLD MAID, AH'LL BE LIKE YA, WIDDER HOOK?—AH'LL FIGHT FOUL? WHUT'LL AH DO?
WHY NOT USE TH' PLAN AN' USED T' NAB MAH 23rd MURKIN, DORE SOUL.
IT GOES LIKE THIS?—FIRST 'O'—PST!—PST!
?—BUT WOULDNT THAT DRIVE HIM STARK, RAVIN' MAD?
IT MIGHT?—AN THEN, 'O'—PST!—PST!—
BUT—WOULDNT THAT BREAK HIS ACES, AN LAIGS, AN CAVE IN HIS SKULL?
IT USUALLY DOES, DEARIE! BUT AFTER THAT—'O'—PST!—PST!—
BUT DIRT 'O' IT DOESN'T BUT HIS SPINE, TH' PLAN IS—IF HE LIVES, 'O' GOT MURKIN, AN' HAH! 'O' IS NO WORSE IN HIS RIBS?
WOULDNT BE SURPRISED IF IT DIDN'T BUT TH' BEAUTY O' TH' PLAN IS—IF HE LIVES, 'O' GOT MURKIN, AN' IF HE DON'T, 'O' IS NO WORSE OFF THAN BEFO'?

RIP KIRBY

DON'T HESITATE, WITNESS! WHAT REMARK WAS PASSED?
I DON'T EXACTLY RECOLLECT... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER ASK JOE GOWDY HIMSELF!
MEANWHILE AT THE SCHOOL!
VALERIE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE! NOT RUNNING AWAY AGAIN, ARE YOU?
OH, MR. KIRBY! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
THEY ARRESTED JOE GOWDY IN A FIGHT ABOUT MISS MITCHELL! THEY'RE TRYING TO WIN RIGHT NOW AT THE FIREHOUSE, AND MISS FAIN SAID IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!
HOP IN THE CAR, VALERIE! WE'RE GOING TO THE FIREHOUSE!

By Alex Raymond